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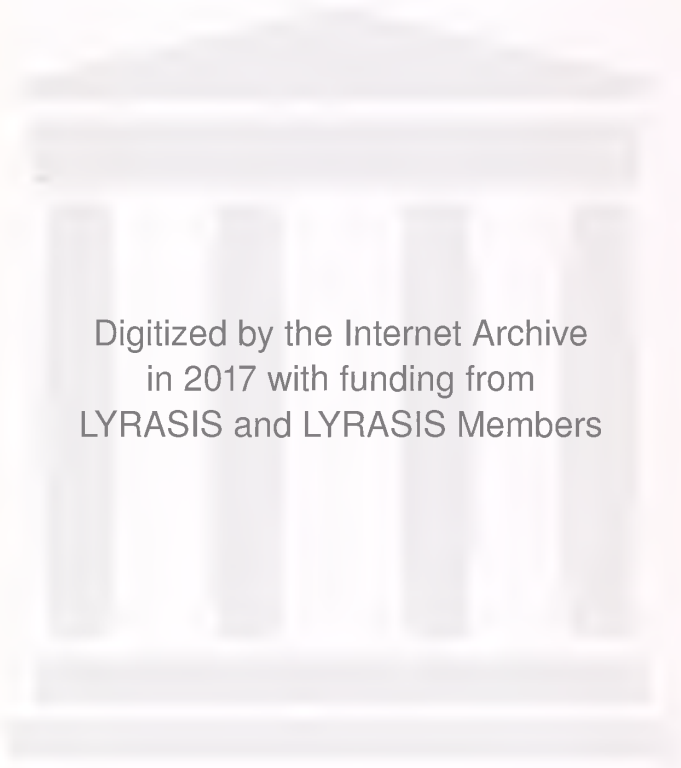

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The Missile

Petersburg High School

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

JANUARY, 1913

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THE MISSILE.

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THE MISSILE

Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School,

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

VOL. II. **JANUARY, 1913.** NO. 3.

ANTICIPATION.

In a merry circle seated,
'Round the firelight's cheerful glow,
Singing songs and telling stories
Of the happy long ago,
We were waiting for the summons
That would be both sure and true,
Bidding farewell to the old year,
Gladly welcoming the new.

Mildred Helen McCaleb, '14.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF NEW YEAR'S.

JANUARY THE FIRST was set apart by Pope Gregory XIII in 1582, as the first day of the calendar year, and since then it has been associated in most minds with gladness and joy. All the mistakes and troubles of the past year are gone, and we have a clean sheet on which to begin our poor attempts once more. The mistakes that we have unwittingly made, the temptations we have yielded to, the sorrows which the past year has brought are gone, and we look forward with an optimistic view to the coming year, which we try to think will be void of all these things.

Resolutions are a very important part of the New Year; for, although they are made and often broken, it is better to have aspired to higher things and to have failed to accomplish them, than not to have aspired at all. We might adopt Tenneyson's own beautiful words as a motto:

"Live pure, speak truth, right wrong, follow the King —Else wherefore born?"

All ideals of a good life are engendered in this quotation; for by living pure, speaking the truth, righting the wrong, and following in the footsteps of our Lord, we should live lives which would be an inspiration to those about us.

Clara Jackson, '14.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

The midnight draws on apace
And the sleeping city, clad in white,
Dreams happy dreams, while over all
The town-clock tells the hours of night.
The untrod snow gleams white beneath,
And the hands, unconscious of their power,
In deadly stealth creep slowly up
And near the fatal midnight hour.

The chilling winds' relentless blasts,
Now moaning loudly, soft, then sighing,
Rush madly round an old man's couch
For the Old Year now is dying.
The soft snow chills his aged frame;
Methinks he will not live till morn,
No hand is near to chafe his brow,
For friends forget when power is gone.

His head sinks low, his breath comes fast,
But his dim eyes gaze with deadly stare
On the face of the clock, where the long hour hand
Nears midnight now by the breadth of a hair.
Hear! the tinkle of chimes and the clank of bells,
The beat of drums and the horn's shrill blast,
The twelve loud strokes from the town-clock tower—
And the Old Year's struggles are over at last.

The deed is done, his fate is sealed,
The old year now is but a name.
But he's battled well, he threw his dice,
And did his best to win the game.
He drank with us from sorrow's cup,
Sipped pleasure from the golden bowl,
He found us friends, he gave us foes,
And pushed us onward toward the goal.

But hark! What's that, the crowing cock?
The Old Year's gone, but in its stead
The New Year comes with his striding gait,
And an upward toss of his haughty head.
We welcome him, aye, but not as a friend,
As a usurper, whose coming no pleasure foretells.
But we'll bury the past in the bier with the dead,
So "Farewell, Old Year, farewell, farewell."

Louise Talbott, '13.

RESOLUTIONS.

IT WAS the thirty-first of December. It had been snowing all day, and the wind howled around the corners of the old frame house, and blew the snow in great sheets against the windows. As I drove past the window I could see the cheery fire within and it was not an unwelcome sight, for I had ridden from the station, which was about five miles distant.

I had come to this remote place because, in my opinion, it was the most delightful place to begin the New Year in.

I left the horse and sleigh in charge of Jim, the stable-boy, and entered the house. After exchanging greetings, Aunt Ruth told me that her son had come to spend a little while with her and had brought his only child. Now this was very good news to me, for little Harold and I were the best of friends.

That night Harold and I sat on the rug before the fire, in front of the grate, making resolutions for the coming year.

"Next year," began Harold, "I will not tease Helen by pulling her hair; I will not tell Fido to chase Pussy; I will not put pins in the door-bell to make it keep ringing. I will wear my rubbers out in the rain and not in the house; I will work hard at school; and I will tell the truth. Now what are you going to do?"

Well, I just had to make some resolutions, but I could not think of any just then. At last a bright idea came to me and I said, "I will allow the children to get some of my grapes and plums when they are ripe, and some of my jonquils when they bloom."

I went home after New Year's Day and tried to keep in mind those resolutions. Harold's father had to come to the town where I lived, and Harold stayed often with me. It was not long before I was called away from town for a few days, and when I returned, I really did not know my own home. Every flower was uprooted; the trees were hacked and sawed; and everything had a forlorn appearance.

When I questioned the little boys of the neighborhood

concerning my flowers, they said that Harold had told them that I would allow them to get some flowers. That was how he kept his New Year's resolution! That *truthful* boy had departed with his father. It was a long time before I could get any new plants started, and it will be a long time before I will tell my resolutions to mischief-loving little boys.

Mary McCaleb, '15.

SHOULD EVERY HIGH SCHOOL HAVE A GYMNASIUM AND A PHYSICAL DIRECTOR?

Why should we have a gymnasium and a physical director? One reason is that high school students are at their greatest growing period, when they should develop themselves to the fullest extent. Physical exercise demands quick action of both body and mind at the same time. It develops physically, mentally, and morally. Every school is proud of its team when it is victorious over their rivals. But how can we expect good, clean athletics, whether in base-ball, foot-ball, basket-ball, or on the track, without a gymnasium and a physical director to show us our weak points and to help us overcome them? Physical exercise should be a compulsory course in every high school. It is essential to a good education. Which is better, an excellent scholar with a delicate body or an average student with a healthy body? Why so much absence on account of sickness in our high schools? An hour a day in the gymnasium, taking the proper exercise

would correct this. Take a man who was an excellent pupil, but did not take any part in athletics while at school. He is learned, it is true; but for how long? A delicate body cannot live on a strong mind, but an average mind will thrive in a healthy body.

Therefore, every high school should have a gymnasium and a physical director. A good course in physical exercise makes you quick to enforce your impulses; it develops physically, mentally and morally; it promotes good, clean athletics; it is essential to and runs parallel with education, and it helps to make good citizens.

Petersburg, why not wake up and fall in line with other high schools of our State and give us a new high school with a well equipped gymnasium and a competent director, so that we may become abler and better citizens in the near future?

F. O. Strailman, Jr., '14.

THE PALACE OF TIME.

IT WAS the last night of the year, and the sky was very dark and threatening. The ground and the trees, all covered with snow, were in sharp contrast to this. As I sat in the house by the bright, warm fire, I began to think of the things I had done that year. As I did so, it came to me how much more good I could have done than I had done; therefore I began to form some New Year resolutions. While I sat dreaming of the bright

prospects of the coming year, I heard a slight noise beside me. In front of my chair I saw a beautiful fairy dressed in pure white. At first I thought I was dreaming; so I rubbed my eyes to see if she was really there. She was a real fairy, and as she approached, a curious sensation began to creep over me.

"Come with me," she said.

Her voice was magnetic, and I was compelled to obey her. As I arose, I began to feel very light, and all at once the little fairy and I flew up the chimney. What was she going to do with me? Where was she leading me? I was so afraid I could not speak, and she, perceiving my fright, told me that as long as I followed her, no harm would befall me. On we flew through the clouds. I felt that I was going to fall, but I did not, for she held me with her tiny, magical hand. Suddenly, as we flew much higher, I could dimly perceive a beautiful object in the distance. When we drew nearer I could see the words, "The Palace of Time," written on the front door.

When we reached the grounds of the palace, we stopped, and the little fairy led me around the house until we came to a large window. Through this window we peeped and beheld a beautiful hall. In one corner of this spacious hall there sat an old man on a golden throne. He had long, white hair and a snowy beard, and in his face deep furrows could be seen. His countenance was very sad and he looked very lonely. In one hand he carried a scythe, while in the other he held an hour-glass and a scroll. He was Old 1912, and his reign would soon come to a close.

We had not been there long when a little courtier came in and announced a visitor. The old man seemed anx-

ious and ill at ease. Finally the courtier returned and with him came a tiny boy. His complexion was very fair and his hair fell about his forehead in beautiful golden ringlets. In his hand he carried a scroll and an hourglass.

Approaching the old man, he said, "1912, you have reigned long enough. It is now my turn. You are very old and cannot rule well any longer. I know that you have reigned well and that the world has progressed since you have been on the throne, but now I want to rule. I have many good things in store for the world in 1913, as it shall soon see."

Then the old man moved slowly and painfully from his place, and the New Year took his seat. He was bright and happy. He said that everything would be better in 1913 than ever before; that the world would progress very rapidly; and that times would be much better for every one. Just as soon as 1913 took his seat, we started for home.

Ssuddenly I awoke with a start, for I had dreamed it all. When I realized this, I resolved to try to be a better girl and to help make people happy.

Marian E. Ramsey, '15.

THE GIFT OF A NEW YEAR.

MARCIA MONTGOMERY sat in a low chair in the drawing room of her beautiful country home and gazed with unseeing eyes into the fire. And such a glorious fire it was! One of those that are seldom found now, but that were frequent in earlier days. However, Marcia was not thinking of the fire, nor of the fact that it was the last night of the old year, but of something else far more precious than fires or New Year's night; something—

"Pardon, madam," James was saying, "a letter."

Marcia's hand went out for the letter and she laid it in her lap, without even glancing at it, and still gazed into the fire.

Suddenly the telephone on the table by her side rang, and in turning to answer it, the letter slipped to the floor. She picked it up and was about to lay it aside, when a sudden impulse told her to read it. Breaking the seal, she extracted the letter and began to read. Suddenly she clutched the chair and a deadly pallor overspread her face. The note was simple enough, and when Marcia had re-read, it she rang for Felice, whom she directed to bring her wraps to the drawing room and to tell Stephen to bring the car around immediately.

When she entered the automobile, the chimes were tolling eight; and when she reached the address given to the chauffeur, it was only forty-five minutes later.

She ran lightly up the steps of the house and rang. While waiting for an answer, she suddenly thought how peculiar it was for a woman to be waiting for admittance

to a bachelor's apartments at eight o'clock in the evening and what—

The door suddenly opened and a well-dressed man, whom Marchia at once took for a physician, came out. He seemed surprised to see her, and she said in a voice which she tried to make sound calm, at the same time extending a card:

"I am Marcia Montgomery and wish to see Mr. Keith. I received a note from a certain Dr. Revard, saying that Mr. Keith was quite ill and he thought it wise that I come at once."

The doctor nodded and said, "You were rather good friends, I presume, Miss Montgomery, judging from the way he spoke of you in his delirium."

"Did—did—he speak of—of me?" the girl asked in an eager voice,—but the doctor did not answer. Instead, he looked steadily into the deep violet eyes and said in a low tone, "Miss Montgomery, do you happen to know Mr. Keith was injured?"

"No," Marcia said.

"It was in an automobile accident," he continued, "which happened three days ago, and when I examined Keith directly afterward, I decided that he had been thoroughly intoxicated."

Marcia clutched at the banister to keep from falling, but when Dr. Revard led her to a seat and suggested that he tell her no more, she shook her head, and drinking the wine for which he had rung, replied in a hardly audible voice, "Go on."

"It was the next day when his fever was at the highest that he began to talk of his earlier life, and from the way in which he talked I thought that there was

a woman in the case. Then it was that he started begging a certain Marcia to come to him, that the life he was living was driving him to the devil, and that she was the only thing that could change his life. I found a card of yours among some of his letters and decided to send for you. Yesterday he was much better and to-day is sitting up. My reason for telling you that his illness was serious was because I was afraid that otherwise you would not come. Of course Keith was rather shaken up, and received a few cuts and bruises, but that is all. Now, Miss Montgomery, if you feel that you would like to see him, you may."

"Yes, yes," replied Marcia, and together they went up the broad staircase to the patient's room, the door of which the doctor opened noiselessly; and as she entered he stopped outside to speak to the nurse.

Philip Keith was sitting in an invalid chair, his head bandaged beyond recognition and his eyes half closed. The sound of the door caused him to look up.

"Marcia," he said.

"Phil.," she murmured faintly, and was kneeling by his side.

"Oh, Phil., oh, you poor boy," she said. "I just had to come. Are you angry, Phil.?"

"Angry?" How could I be when I have you, darling?" he said, kissing her upturned face. Together they heard the chimes toll the old year out and the new one in.

G. Spooner Dunn, '16,

EXAMINATIONS.

After the Christmas holidays are over and school work starts in earnest again, we naturally begin to think of the approaching time of examinations. To the average pupil the very word *examination* sounds like a dirge, forboding doom. It is indeed a severe trial to stand examinations, but as the authorities in our school hold them as absolutely necessary, they are to be endured. However, we are to consider ourselves very fortunate to have a rule which excuses us from examinations on all subjects on which we have made an average of ninety per cent. This privilege of exemption applies to all except pupils in the graduating class. The seniors indeed have a hard time, but it is rather the first year class that is to be pitied at examination time. None of us, except certain individuals who were fortunate enough to be excused, will ever forget the timidity with which we came to our first "High School exam." To console the freshman, we might tell them the case with many teachers is "that their bark is worse than their bite;" yet we advise them to be on the alert, for experience has taught us that, though the

bark is not at all appalling, the bite, which comes in the form of an examination, is oftentimes dreadful.

Of course, the best way to prepare for an examination is to study throughout the year. We all know that, but the list of exemptions shows how many of us take advantage of this fact. If you notice, you will see that neglect to study the daily lessons brings on a serious case, commonly known as "cramming," which lasts usually until the week before exams., and reaches its crisis the night before the much dreaded day. Cramming very often proves fatal, but also marks are sometimes raised from the lowest depths by this means.

Here's to those who have made ninety per cent.! May their numbers increase and may they go home rejoicing on examination day. To those who are left at school to work, we can wish them nothing greater than success.

Advantages of Domestic Science.

What is one of the greatest problems that is confronting our homes to day? Is it not the servant problem? Wherever a company of ladies is gathered together, this subject is almost invariably introduced, only to be dismissed with that worn-out expression, "I don't know what we are coming to." Our High School is offering efficient commercial and collegiate courses and has settled satisfactorily for the people of our day the educational problem. Now, why not let her offer the key to this other situation? Let a thorough Domestic Course be intro-

duced into our High School, and see what it will do for our homes. One of the well known facts in life is that those things are hardest about which we know least. Now, it our girls are thoroughly trained in the art of Domestic Science, it will not only be easy, but often really pleasant for them to go into the kitchen and prepare good, wholesome meals.

Then, too, a Domestic Science course would be a great help to both the boys and the girls while they are at school; for it would make it possible to have a hot lunch every day at recess. This could be arranged to cost only a few cents, and the pupils would be wonderfully helped. Other high schools have reaped great benefits from such an arrangement, and the pupils were enabled to do much better work. Shall not our High School, then, introduce this course which would be so helpful, both to the pupils attending school and to the homes from which they come?

Value of Reference Libraries

Before and after taking! That is a familiar advertisement of patent medicines. What a pity that a high school could not have a picture of a school with a reference library and one without. Then at a glance every one would appreciate what a valuable adjunct to an education a libary is. Information, to be of value, must be accurate. Few minds are so constituted by nature that they can retain a mass of information on a wide range of subjects. So within easy reach of a student there should always be a

good encyclopedia and an unabridged dictionary, as well as other books of reference. To be practical, education must grapple with questions that are constantly arising.

Now that we have a library there is no reason why any boy or girl should be in the condition of two farmers:

They were comparing their bills, just received. On one there was charged, "plow-point, forty-five cents," "ditto, forty-five cents," "ditto, forty-five cents." On the other farmer's bill there was a similar charge, "To ten lbs. nails, twenty-five cents," "ditto, twenty-five cents." They couldn't understand that ditto. Neither one remembered purchasing such an article. They couldn't imagine what ditto was. One of them went into the store to consult the merchant.

When he returned to his neighbor he asked him if he had found out about his "ditto."

"Yes," was his answer.

"Well, tell me what it means."

"It means," was the ready response, "that you are a fool and I am ditto."

Exchange Department.

M. Francis Drewry, - - - *Editor.*

There is much room for improvement in the *Pattersonian*, but as it was stated that the paper was a new project for the school, we expect to find these improvements in the later issues. We hope some stories, a poem, and a few cuts will appear in the next number.

The Tiger. Your idea of devoting each issue of your magazine to a practical subject is exceedingly good. The Commercial Number is very commendable. The literature, cuts, and various departments are splendid; and the "classified ads." is a very attractive feature of the magazine. We wish to suggest only one thing,—that you have a cut for each department.

The stories contained in the *Mary Baldwin Miscellany* reflect a great deal of credit upon the school. They are well written and intensely interesting. The cover is very neat and artistic, aud the magazine as a whole is exceptionally good; but we miss cuts very much.

The Student lacks the Christmas spirit that one might expect, since it is the Christmas number. The essay on Southern Tradition exhibits much careful work on the part of the writer, who evidently knew his subject well.

This number does not measure up to the standard set by the preceding one.

The Christmas-Football number of *Forum* is very appropriate, and certainly conforms to its title. However, the magazine would be improved if the literary department preceded the athletics.

The illustrations and photographs of the December number of *The World* make amends for any fault that might be found with the magazine. If the space devoted to the literary department were occupied by a few long stories instead of so many short ones, this number would be improved However, the editorials are splendid.

The Virginian. Do you not think a few more stories would be as interesting to your school as such long Local Items, altough the latter are unusually good? The appearance of your paper would be added to by a few original jokes and the absence of advertisements in the reading matter. Work hard and put *The Virginian* on a level with the productions of other high schools.

Although we were very grateful for *College Topics*, we should be exceedingly glad to have the *University of Virginia Magazine* upon our exchange list also.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the *Racqnet* from Portland, Mass., the *Chronicle* from the Episcopal High School, and the *Flat Hat* from William and Mary; also the *Ring-town Phi* from Washington and Lee, and the *Virginia Guide* from Staunton.

We take this opportunity to ask our former exchanges to continue sending us their magazines. Several papers which were sent to us at the beginning of the year have not come a second time. Remember these are always welcome.

School Notes.

Miss W. of IVB., proudly to her class-mates, who had been talking of their lineage:

"Well, I'm an Irishman. My ancestors came direct from Scotland."

Miss S. in IIA Physiology. "What do you commonly call respiration?"

Mr. D. "Sweat."

The girls of IIIA are very anxious to know how a king keeps his crown on when its too large or two small for him. They reason that if all the kings of a country wear the same crown, it is quite possible that one head is larger than another. Surely there are no adjustable crowns. All information concerning the above will be thankfully received.

If things were performed according to the translation of Mr. S. of IV A, affairs would be in a serious state indeed, for in a recent French lesson he read as follows: "He took me apart (meaning aside) for conversation."

Mr. R. of the IB2 class said to Miss Stokes, "If you get a low mark on Algebra one month, can you get a better mark the next month?"

Miss McM. "What are the Marathon races?"
Miss T. of IA. "The automobile races."

Miss N. in II Stenography class. I never could join a straight curve to a concave curve."

Miss D. "Who was Byron's mother?"
Pupil in IVB English. "Lady Byron."

Mr. N. of IA2, when called upon to translate "Die Schular haben sich um den Lahrer gesetzt" said, "The scholars have seated themselves on the teacher."

"During this time," began Mr. S. in IIIA History class.
"During what time?" interrupted Mr. McM., "that is almost as indefinite as once upon a time."
"Well, once upon a time," resumed Mr. S., unconcernedly.

Mr. McM. "Who was going to marry Henry?"
Mr. D. of IIA. The sister of Catharine's son."

Miss Talbott's recent Latin translation read: "She held him with her rosy lips, while with her right hand—" She never finished, for the laughter of her class-mates drowned her voice.

Mr. McM. Who was Persistralus's son?"
Miss B. of IA. "Hippopatmus."

Miss Routh of the IB2 class made the average this month for a Golden, but was tardy one-half a minute. What a pity her room is so far from the steps!

In IIIA Chemistry class the "nervy" boys had the impudence to ask the girls to give them some of their dear little black "rats" to bleach.

In discussing the play Richard III, a pupil who did not quite comprehend a certain part, stated that Richard said he was going to marry a certain woman. Then Miss Dargan interrupted her, and turning to the boys' side of the room exclaimed, "Cheer up! I am going to marry you,—Mr. Jones!"

Mr. McM. "What was the house of Hapsburg?"
Mr. J. of IIA. "A stronghold of the Protestants, wasn't it?"

Miss C. "Of what use is the lime in the Ocean?"
Miss T. of IA. "To make lime drops."

Miss H. "Your subjunctive, Mr. Dysart."
Mr. Dysart. "Why, that's in the verb." (And he had the indicative).

Miss T. (referring to normal word-order). "What kind of word-order is that?"
Mr. B. (in IIIA German). "Natural."

Mr. McM. "I suppose marriage fees, of all the taxes, are the most cheerfully paid."
Mr. B. of IVB Civics class. "I don't see anything to be cheerful about."

Mr. W. of IA., when asked one day what he was chewing replied, "My tongue." Thereupon he received the command to throw it out of the window.

The IIIB French class was trying to guess the meaning of the word limpidite. They decided it was equivalent to the English word limpid, but they could not agree on the English word. *Hot* was suggested, but Miss J. said, "I think it means *soft*;" explaining further that it meant soft atmosphere, that one can see but cannot feel.

Mr. C. of IIIA English class. "Reading novels is a waste of time."

Miss D. "Do you think that?"
Mr. C. "No'm, I got it out of the rhetoric."

Miss I, of 1B Latin class, has invented a new rule which reads as follows: "With a preposition, *in* takes the ablative; without a preposition, *in* takes the accusative.

Miss S. of IVB, while translating her French, came across the abreviation for 'le boulevard Michel, which is "Boul Mich" She quickly decided it was intended for "Bull Moose."

Curiosity was being discussed in IIIA History class, when the boys said that the girls had more curiosity than they did. Mr. McM., holding that some boys had more curiosity than the girls, stated that Miss Anna Bolling told him he had more than all the girls put together.

Miss S. "Give me a word that comes from the derivitive "homo."

Miss T. "I don't know."
Miss S. "Hominy in music."

Teacher. "Have any of you ever studied mythology."
Mr. Y. and others in chorus. "What is that?"

In IIIB French, Miss G. translated "on doit sous l'humble toit," "one sleeps under the humble bed."

Miss D. "What relation was Anne to Henry VI?"
Mr. Y. She was a son-in-law."

Patron's Day was celebrated on Wednesday, December 17. Quite a number of Patrons and friends were present to witness the formal installment of the High School Library. Mr. Dandridge opened the exercises with prayer and Mr. Hamilton conducted the exercises. Dr. Metcalf, who was introduced by Mr. Pettit, delivered a most interesting, practical and profitable address. He was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The exercises were closed with the benediction from Dr. Booker.

We are sorry to announce that Miss Emma Hunt, who has had charge of the French and German of this school for the past several years, has resigned to continue her studies at Columbia University. Her resignation takes effect at the close of this term. Miss Marie A. Beard of Harrisonburg, Virginia, has been elected to fill Miss Hunt's place. Miss Beard is an A. B. graduate of Cornell University.

Miss Agnes Stokes, of the Mathematics Department, will have to sever her connection with this school at the end of this term on account of the illness of her mother. We are very sorry to give Miss Stokes up, and trust that

her mother's health may improve. We are glad to state that Mr. James G. Scott will take charge of Miss Stokes's classes in February.

ROLL OF HONOR.

The Roll of Honor for the High School for the third school month is as follows:

IVB—Lilla Gerow, Lillian Powers, Helen Thomas.

IVA—Agnes Stribling, Sallie D. Hays, Frank Scott, Gustav Svetlik.

IIIB—Wallace Bowman.

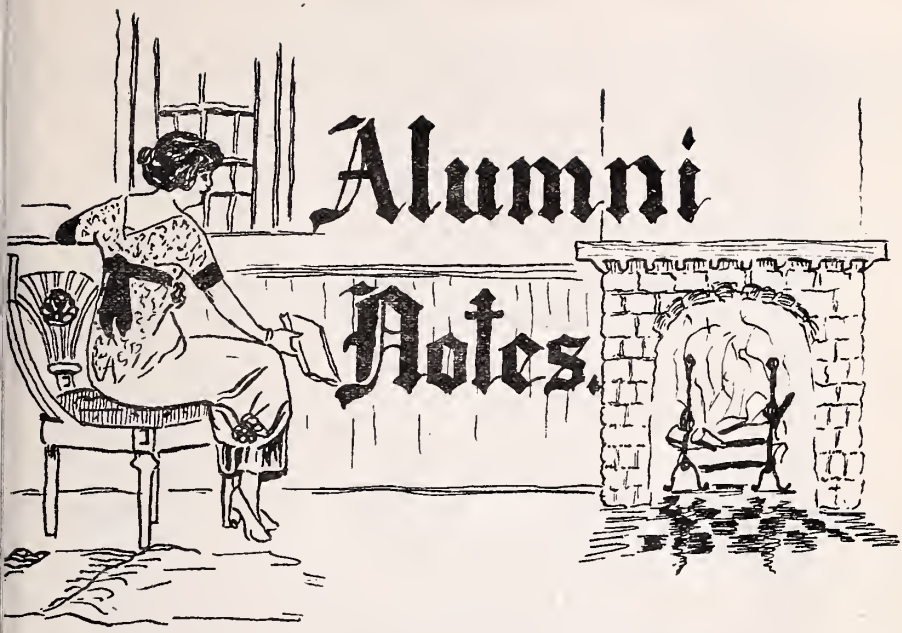
IIIA—M. Francis Drewry, Virginia Ridenour.

IIB—Elizabeth Bragg, Lena May Donnon.

IIA—Florence Clements, Lucy Wood, Florence Stratton, Richard Gilliam.

IB—William Nufer, Wade Temple, Alice Mason, Mary Young.

IA—Evelyn Butcher, Pauline Bowman, Isabel Banks, Mary Crichton, Alice Riddick, Charles Jackson, Duckett Jones, Theo. Roettger.



BEATRICE M. COLEMAN, EDITOR.

Miss Ethel Brown, '06, is teaching at the Duncan Brown School.

Miss Lucille Wells, a graduate of class 1910, now occupies a position in the law offices of Plummer & Bohannon.

Misses Louise and Marion Couch, graduates of P. H. S., are in training in St. Luke's Hospital, Richmond, Va. The former is in the graduating class of 1913.

Miss Sallie Meacham, a graduate of the class of 1906, is teaching at the Jackson School.

Miss Anna Thomas, '10, who was compelled to leave R.M.W.C. on account of ill health, is steadily improving.

Mr. Raleigh Powell, '06, now occupies a position with the Virginia Trunk and Bag Co.

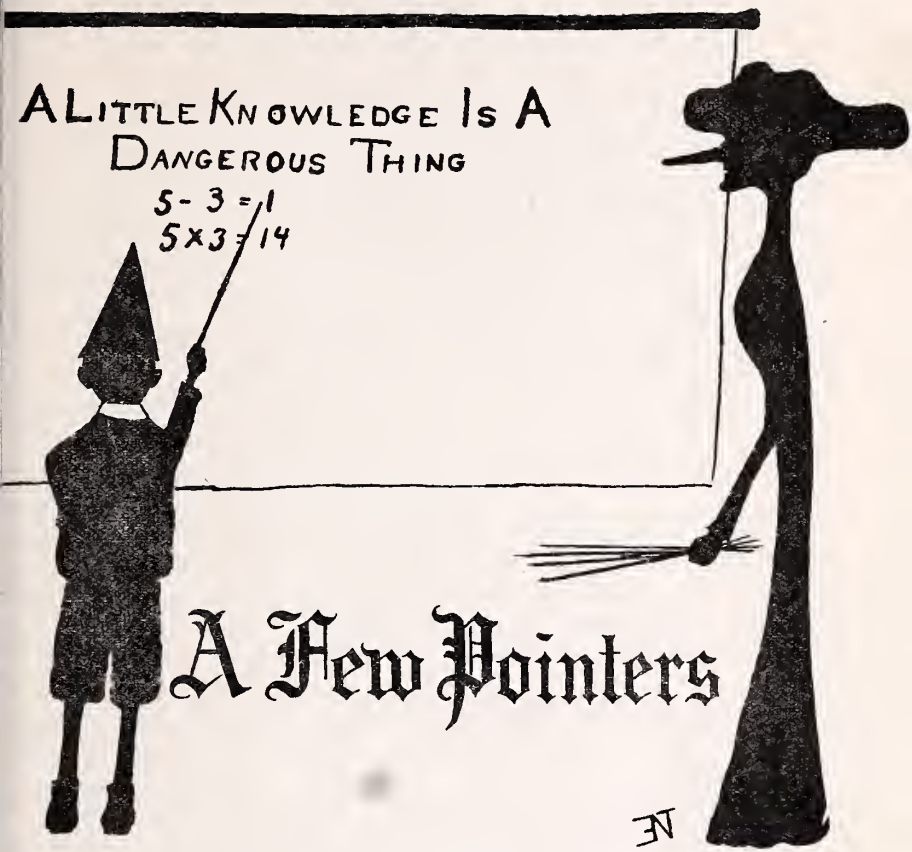
Miss Mary B. Peebles, a graduate of P. H. S., is teaching school in the country.

Mr. Saunders Gerow, a member of the graduating class at V. M. I., was home for the holidays.

Rev. Joe Gresham, a graduate of class 1906, is now pastor of a flourishing church at Matoaca.

Mr. John Gilliam, a former student of Petersburg High School, has returned from Mississippi, and now holds a position in one of the local banks.

Among the visitors at P. H. S. on the twentieth of December, were Miss Annie Lee Jones and Miss Dorothy Brown.



Star Actor—"I must insist, Mr. Stager, on having real food in the banquet scene."

Manager—"Very well, then; if you insist on that you will be supplied with real poison in the death scene.

"Did you ever play in 'Hamlet'?" inquired a theatrical manager of a recent acquisition to his company.

"Ever!" exclaimed the newcomer, "Why I've played in every hamlet between here and Emporia.

Little Chap on Atlantic Steamer—"We're getting up

a tug-'o-war between the married and single men. You are married, aren't you?"

The American—"No; I've just been seasick; that's why I look that way."

Mrs. Phonograph—"I heard something to-day that knocked me speechless."

Mr. Phonograph— "Was it something I could learn to repeat?"

A German recently landed in New York and was bitten by a dog. A bystander rushed to his assistance and asked if the dog was mad.

"Vot!" exclaimed Hans, "Der dog mad? Vy should he be mad? I'm de von dot's mad."

Teacher—"Johnny, what is a constellation?"

Johnny —"What you see when a base-ball hits you in the eye."

REBUKED.

"Father," said a boy of twelve, "can you tell me who who Shylock was?"

"What!" exclaimed the father in an aggrieved tone, "have I sent you to Sunday School for the past six or seven years only to have you ask me who Shylock was? Shame on you boy! Get your Bible and find out at once!"

"Tommy," said the teacher, "can you tell me the meaning of 'repentant'?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Tommy. "It's how a fellow feels when he gets caught at it."

NOBODY HELPED HIM.

A story of Scotch honesty is printed in a Dundee daily. A small boy had taken the prize for an exceptionally well drawn map. After the examination the master, a little doubtful, asked the lad:

"Who helped you with this map, James?"

"Nobody, sir."

"Come, now, tell me the truth. Didn't your brother help you?"

"No, sir; he did it all."

SHE WAS SAD.

Miss Grammar—"I understand that you and Professor Chumleigh had a falling out recently."

Miss Primer—"Yes, on Saturday; our sleigh tipped over.

KNEW HIS MOTHER.

Teacher—"If it took your mother six days to do a piece of work and your auntie seven hours, how long would it take both of them?"

Johnnie—"They'd never get it done; they'd sit down and gossip all day."

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